



MIKE BARON • GARY CHALONER • JOHN ROBINSON

FIRST
COMICS
APR 58 1990
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CANADA

BADGER™

AUSTRALIAN

CHALONER
8/89
NER
P.F.

BADGER™

CREATED BY MIKE BARON

A self-styled crime fighter who rides the highways and by-ways of America, the **Badger** metes out bloody justice to jaywalkers, ticket scalpers, indifferent teenaged fast-food clerks, — in fact, *any-damn-body he feels like because he's CRAZY!*

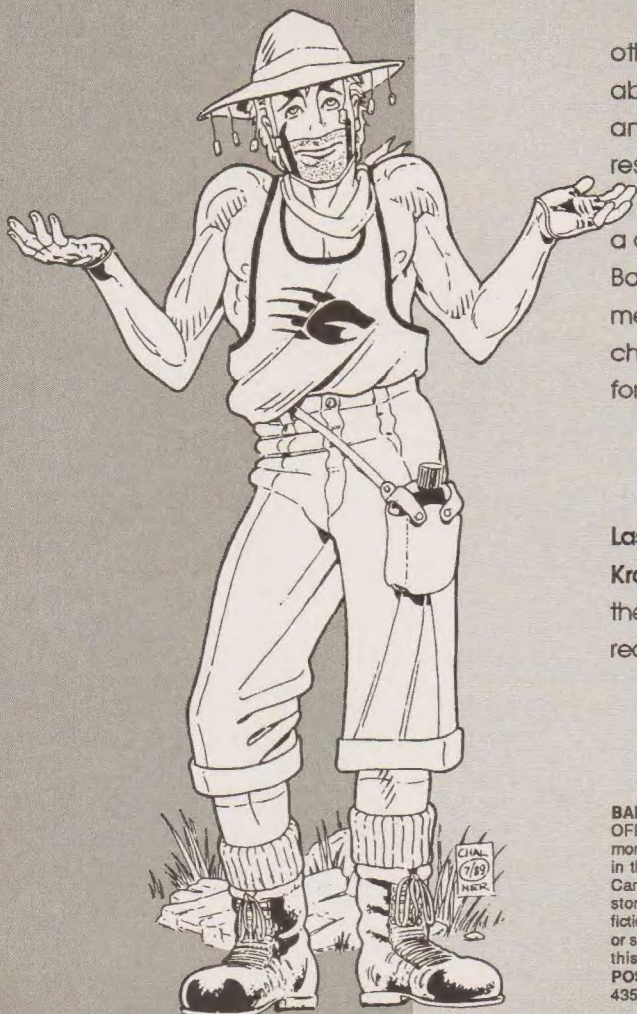
Badger is just one side of **Norbert Sykes**, a Vietnam veteran with a personality problem: It's split seven ways. Nevertheless, Norbert almost always finds himself in a Badger state of mind.

Badger is a master of Shorin-ryu and dozens of other obscure, esoteric, arcane, not to mention abstruse martial arts. He can also talk to the animals — just like Dr. Doolittle. Only with better results.

Badger lives with **Ham the Weather Wizard** in a castle south of Barneveld, Wisconsin. Ham and Badger met while both were inmates at a state mental hospital. Through cunning and chicanery, Ham has amassed a considerable fortune.

Badger calls everyone Larry.

Last Issue: Badger, Kid Kang and Krabby Krabongus defeated **Lord Weterlackus'** lackey in the dimension of **Gazastan**. Oddly enough, that really has nothing much to do with this issue.



BADGER™ Vol. 1, No. 58, April 1990. Published by FIRST PUBLISHING, INC., OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 435 N. LaSalle, Chicago IL 60610. Published monthly. Copyright © 1989 First Publishing, Inc. All rights reserved. Price: \$1.95 in the U.S. Subscription rates for twelve issues: \$23.50 in the U.S., \$25.50 in Canada, and \$45.00 foreign rate. All payments must be in U.S. funds. The stories, incidents, and characters mentioned in this publication are entirely fictional. No actual persons, living or dead, without satiric content, are intended or should be inferred. The Badger, Ham, and all prominent characters featured in this issue are trademarks of First Publishing, Inc. Printed in the U.S.A. **POSTMASTER:** Send address changes to **Badger**, c/o First Publishing, Inc., 435 N. LaSalle, Chicago IL 60610.

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JACKSON

ian
TETRAULT

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GARCIA

WRITER

PENCILLER

INKER

LETTERER

COLORIST

EDITOR

DRAKE DOWNS—
A HORSERACING
TRACK IN
SUBURBAN
CHICAGO.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—
THE EVENT YOU'VE BEEN
WAITING FOR—THE FINALS
FEATURING THAT BOVINE
PHENOMENON—THAT
POWERHOUSE OF NATIVE
AMERICAN GRACE—THAT
CLOVEN-HOOVED
CONQUEROR—

LAMONT
THE
BUFFALO!

LAMONT
IS RIDDEN BY
HIS OWNER
AND TRAINER,
THE
BADGER.

BADGER
IN

EMU
THE GODS
WOULD
DESTROY!

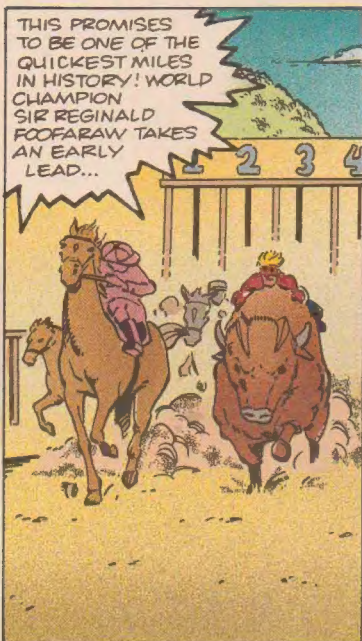
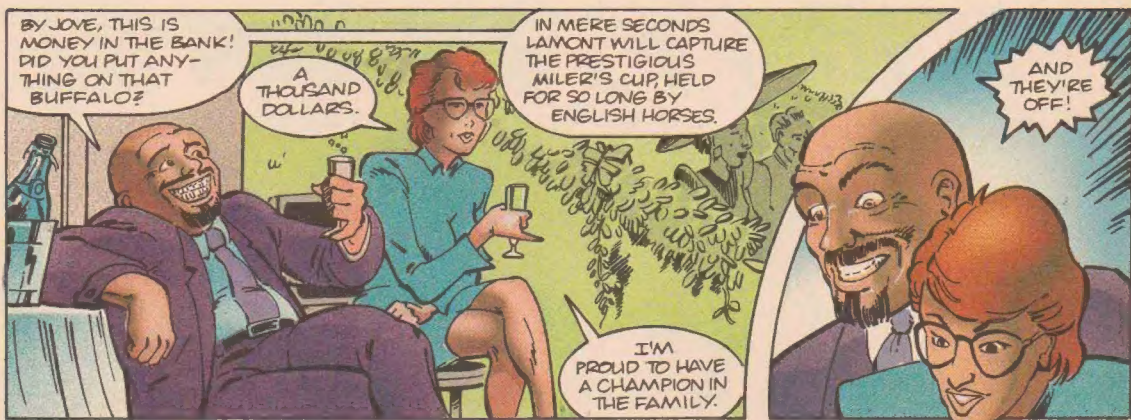
THAT BIG TUB OF
LARD MAY WIN A
FEW RACES
AGAINST RAW GLUE
IN THE BOONDOCKS,
BUT NOW YOU'RE
UP AGAINST THE
FINEST MILERS
IN
AMERICA!

JUST
IGNORE HIM,
LAMONT, AND
MAYBE HE'LL GO
AWAY.

SPUD GROGAN'S
ENTRY, SIR
REGINALD FOOFARAW,
IS THE ODDS-ON
FAVORITE. BUT THERE'S
NO DISCOUNTING
THAT BUFFALO!

BERT!

DUGGA DUGGA AND
PROMINENT CHARACTERS
© AND APPEAR COURTESY
OF GARY CHALONER.
SPECIAL THANKS TO
ALEX DRESCHER.

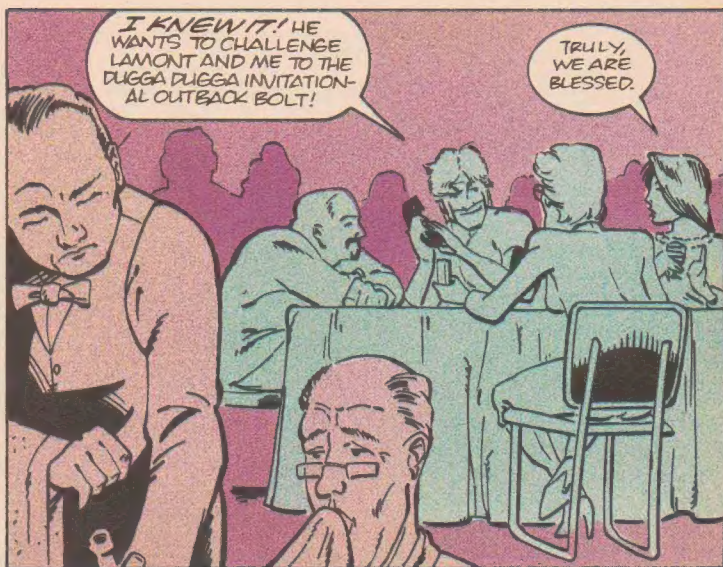


THE CHALLENGE!





FORGET THE BLOODY TIME, MATE. HOW FAST IS THAT BUFF O' YOURS OVER A FIFTY-MILE STRETCH?



I KNEW IT! HE WANTS TO CHALLENGE LAMONT AND ME TO THE DUGGA DUGGA INVITATIONAL OUTBACK BOLT!

TRULY, WE ARE BLESSED.



WHAT? FIFTY MILES ACROSS THE WORST DESERT IN AUSTRALIA? DON'T BE ABSURD, SIR.

A MILE IN MILD WEATHER IS ONE THING... FIFTY MILES FOR A CREATURE OF THAT BULK...



HAM IS RIGHT, HONORABLE HUSBAND. LAMONT WOULD COLLAPSE FROM HEAT EXHAUSTION.



LAMONT'S BEEN STUDYING SECRET NINJA COOLING TECHNIQUES IN ORDER TO OPERATE IN HOT WEATHER.



WOMBAT, IF THIS IS AN OFFICIAL INVITATION, WE ACCEPT.

TELL US WHERE AND WHEN AND WE'LL BE THERE.

WHAT ARE YOU RUNNING, BY THE WAY?



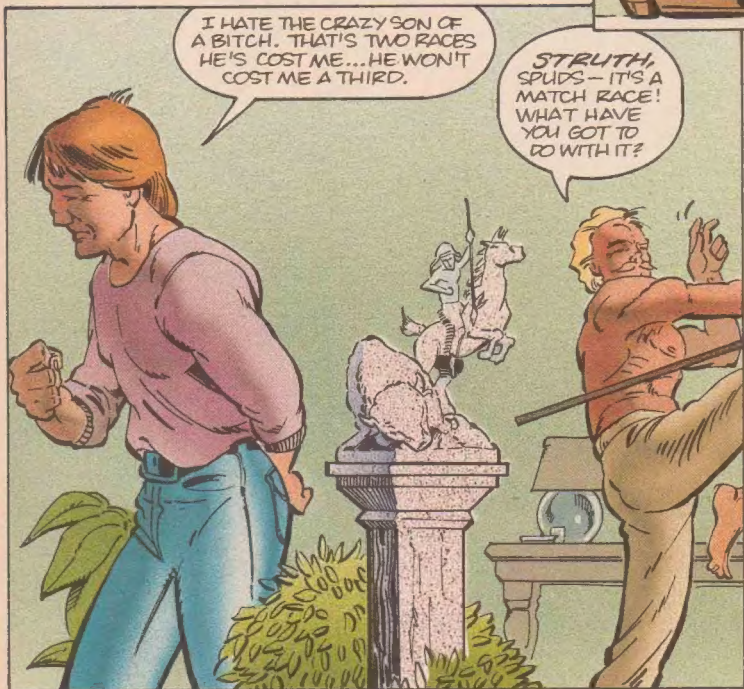
WHAT'S AN EMLU?



THREE YEARS AGO THAT CRAZY SON OF A BITCH COST ME THE BOUNDARY WATERS RUN, AND NOW THIS! HIS FURSHLUGGINER BUFFALO CHEATS ME OUT OF THE MILE CUP!

IT'S GODDAMN UN-AMERICAN!

AT'S RIGHT, MATE, AND NOW THE CRAZY BLUDGER'S HEADIN' TO OZ TO TRY AN' KIP OUR 'DUGGA-DUGGA BOLT,' IT'S GODDAMN UN-AUSTRALIAN!



I HATE THE CRAZY SON OF A BITCH. THAT'S TWO RACES HE'S COST ME... HE WON'T COST ME A THIRD.

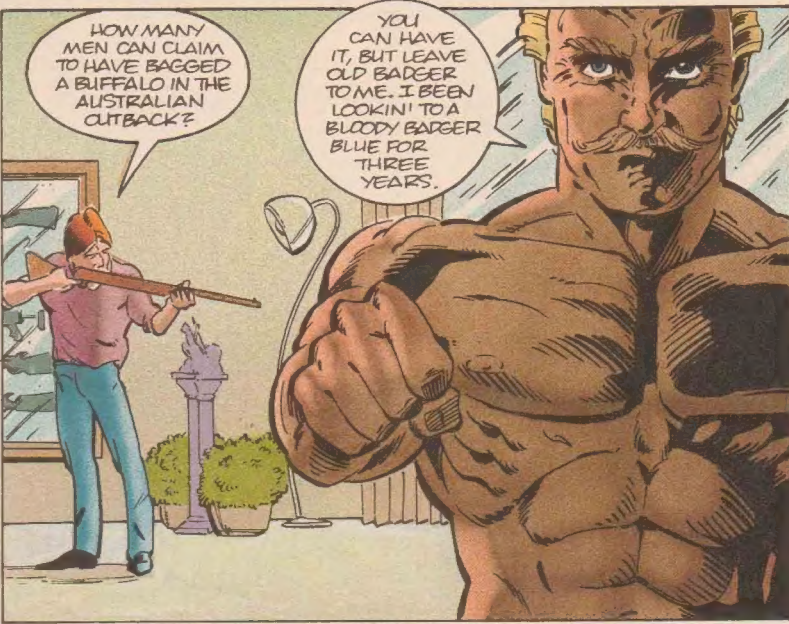
STRUTH, SPUDS - IT'S A MATCH RACE! WHAT HAVE YOU GOT TO DO WITH IT?



YOU GOT A CAMEL OR AN OSTRICH YOU WAS PLANNIN' TA ENTER?



JACK, JACK, JACK - I WON A HUNDRED THOU WHEN AUSTRALIA TOOK THE AMERICA'S CUP. I ALWAYS BET ON THESE THINGS. WE BOTH HAVE REASON TO SEE THE BADGER LOSE...



HOW MANY MEN CAN CLAIM TO HAVE BAGGED A BUFFALO IN THE AUSTRALIAN CUTBACK?

YOU CAN HAVE IT, BUT LEAVE OLD BADGER TO ME. I BEEN LOOKIN' TO A BLOODY BADGER BLUE FOR THREE YEARS.



YOU THINK YOU CAN TAKE HIM WITH THAT STICK?

DON'T NEED NO STICK, MATE. STICK'S JUST AN EXTENSION OF THE HAND.

YOU EVER TANGLE WITH HIM?



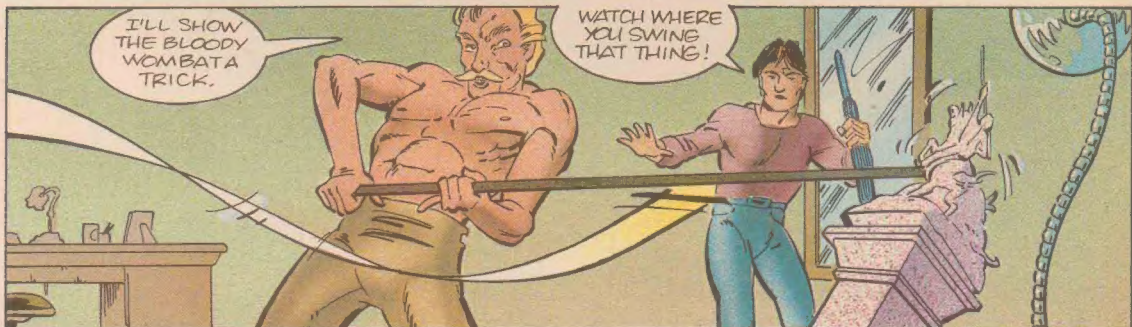
NO... I GOT BUSH-WHACKED BY OUR OWN RESIDENT NUT CASE, THE WOMBAT.

#05%# ABO-SOME KINDA ESCRIMA EXPERT...

HE CAUGHT ME UNARMED, TOOK ME BY SURPRISE...



SINCE THEN I SPENT A YEAR TRAINING ON OKINAWA WITH THE GREATEST OF STICK MASTERS.



I'LL SHOW THE BLOODY WOMBATA TRICK.

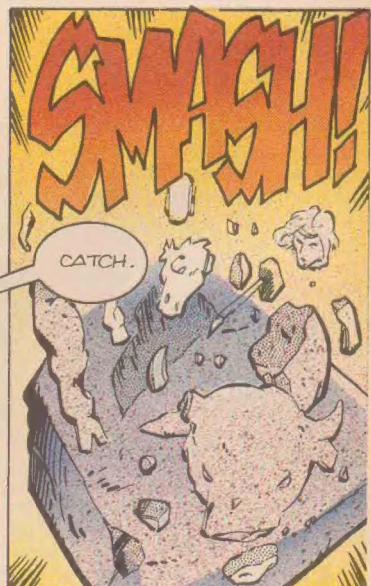
WATCH WHERE YOU SWING THAT THING!



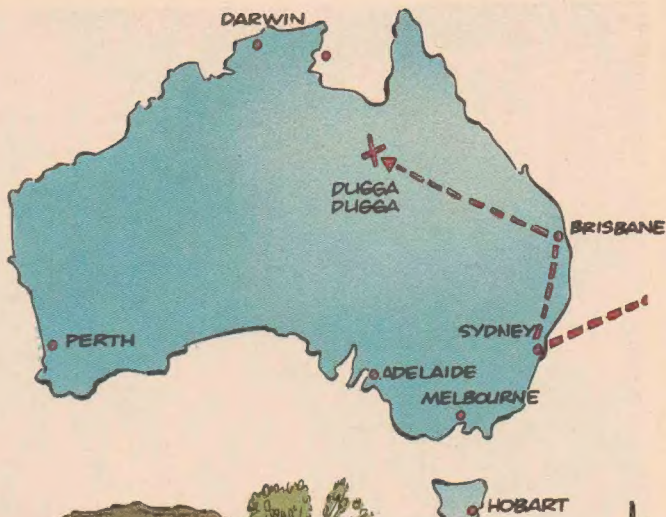
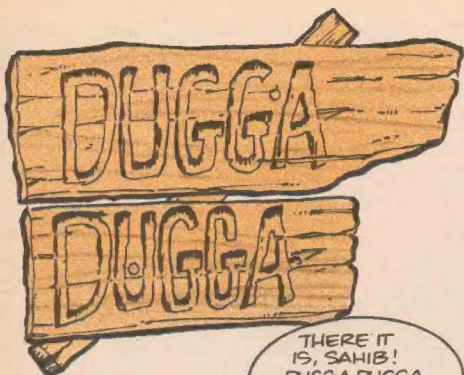
LOOK OUT FOR THAT SCULPTURE!



WHAT...THIS PIECE OF CRAP?



CATCH..

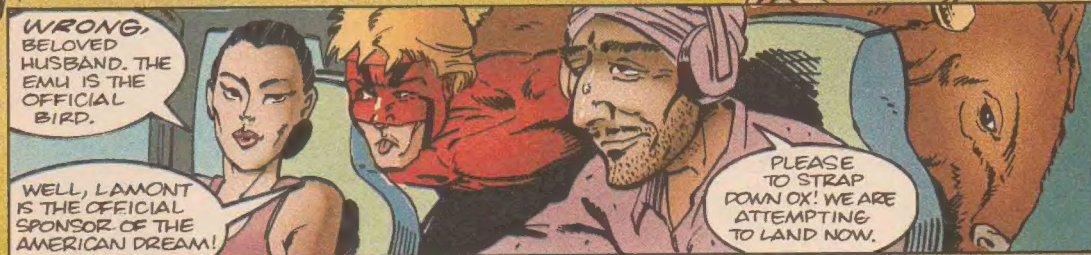
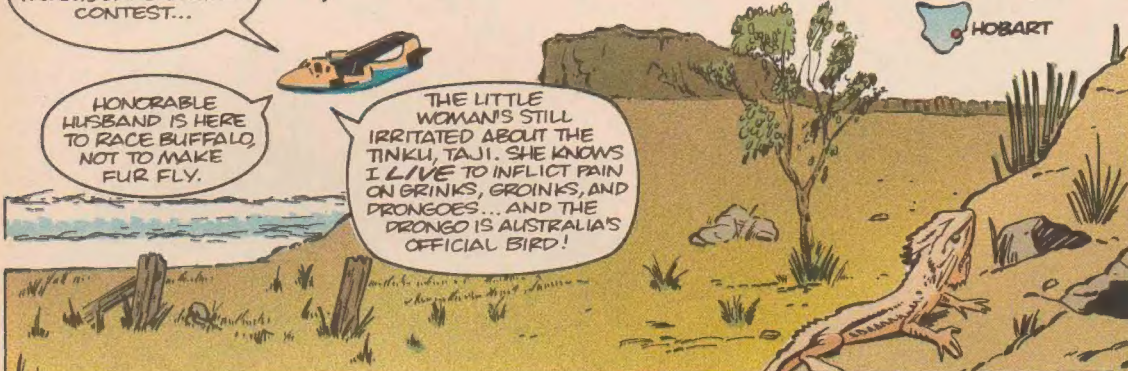


THERE IT IS, SAHIB!
DUGGA DUGGA,
THE FLOWER OF
THE NORTH.

DUGGA
DUGGA'S SUPPOSED
TO BE THE HOME OF
SOME KIND OF
FAMOUS BARE-KNUCKLE
CONTEST...

HONORABLE
HUSBAND IS HERE
TO RACE BUFFALO,
NOT TO MAKE
FUR FLY.

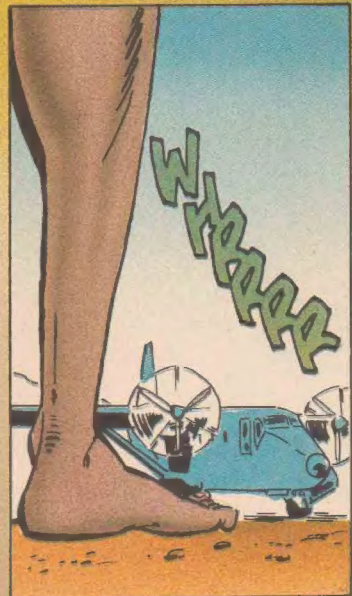
THE LITTLE
WOMAN'S STILL
IRRITATED ABOUT THE
TINKU, TAJI. SHE KNOWS
I LIVE TO INFLICT PAIN
ON GRINKS, GROINKS, AND
PRONGOES... AND THE
PRONGO IS AUSTRALIA'S
OFFICIAL BIRD!



WRONG,
BELOVED
HUSBAND. THE
EMU IS THE
OFFICIAL
BIRD.

WELL, LAMONT
IS THE OFFICIAL
SPONSOR OF THE
AMERICAN DREAM!

PLEASE
TO STRAP
DOWN OK! WE ARE
ATTEMPTING
TO LAND NOW.

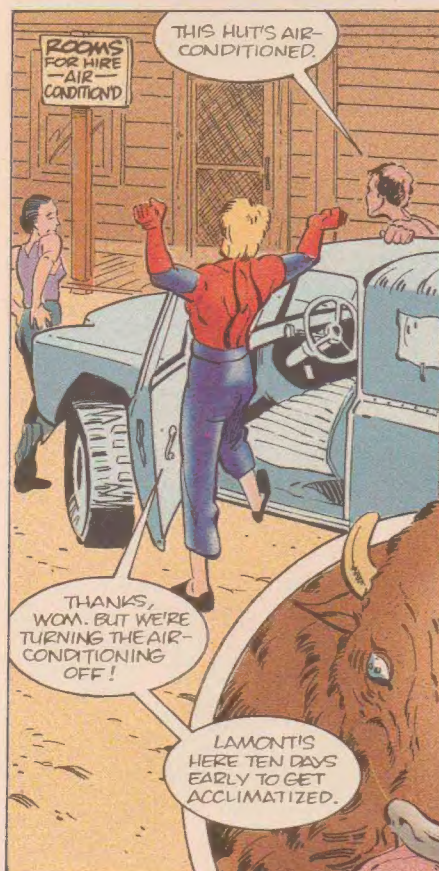
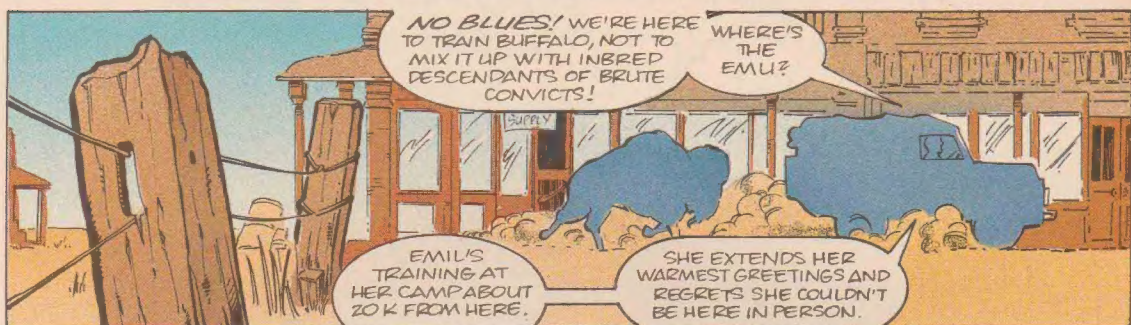
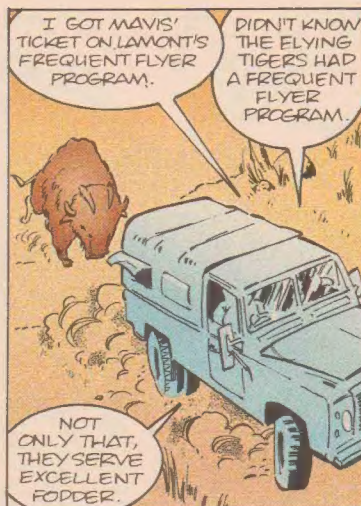


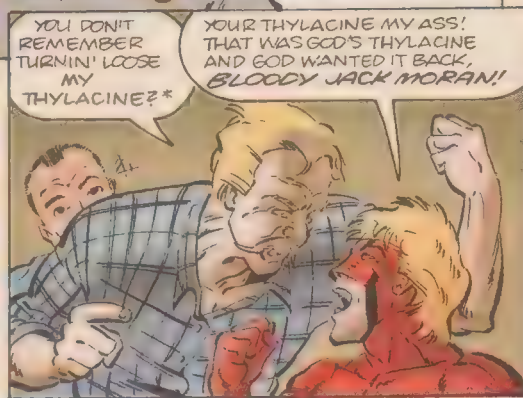
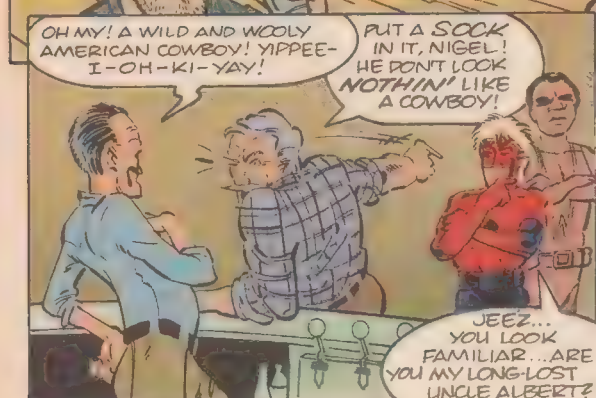
BADGER—
YOU'RE
LOOKIN' A
MITE PASTY,
MATE.



WOMBAT! HAVEN'T
SEEN YOU SINCE THE
TOURNAMENT OF
LOTORS! YOU KNOW
MY WIFE, MAVIS?

HELLO,
WOMBAT.







HEY, COME ON! BLOODY JACK MORAN'S FIGHTIN' THE BADGER!

THAT'S RIGHT, YANK...



IT'S TRADITIONAL - A FRIENDLY RIVALRY LIKE THE AMERICA'S CUP OR THE DUGGA DUGGA BOLT...

BY THE BY - WE'VE LAID IN AN EXCELLENT SUPPLY OF STICKS. YOU LIKE STICKS, DON'T YOU?



KRUMP!



DITCH THEM STICKS, MORAN!

THIS BARN'S FOR BARE-KNUCKLES ONLY!



WHAT'S THE MATTER? AIN'T YOU MAN ENOUGH TO FACE ME WITH A STICK IN YOUR HANDS?



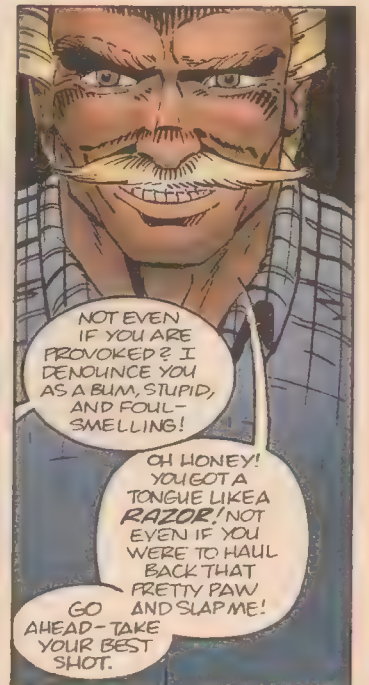
ARE YOU MAN ENOUGH TO FACE ME?



HUMBLE WIFE BEGS TO HANDLE UNPLEASANT CHORE FOR HONORABLE HUSBAND.

HOLY GAWD! IT'S THE LITTLE WOMAN! SAY HELLO TO MAVIS, BLOODY JACK MORAN.

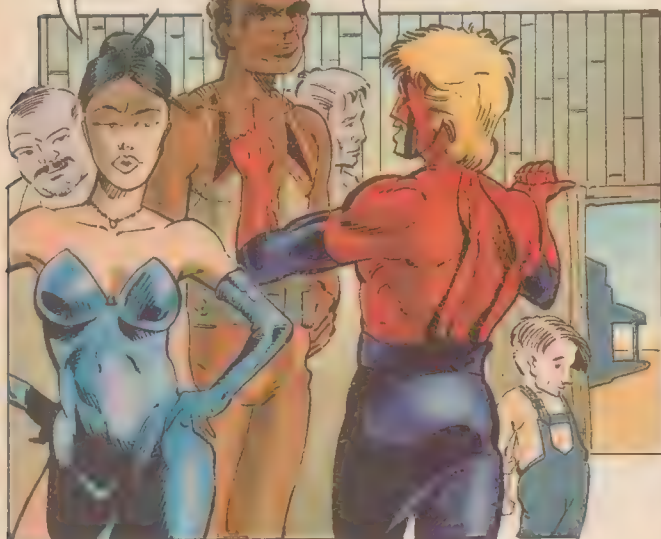
STRUTH! I DON'T FIGHT NO SHEILA!



NOT EVEN IF YOU ARE PROVOKED? I DENOUNCE YOU AS A BUM, STUPID, AND FOUL-SMELLING!

OH HONEY! YOU GOT A TONGUE LIKE A RAZOR! NOT EVEN IF YOU WERE TO HAUL BACK THAT PRETTY PAW AND SLAP ME!

GO AHEAD - TAKE YOUR BEST SHOT.



First PERSON

S I N G U L A R

... AND A HAPPY NEW EDITOR!

Happy holidays, everyone! I'm going to take a cue from my predecessor, and instead of telling you about all the neat new books we have coming at ya for 1990 (and boy, will you be surprised with what we have in store), I'm going to have

For most of my life, I've been baffled by the seemingly innocuous question: "What do you want to do when you're grown up?"

our new associate editor, Anina Bennett, introduce herself in this column:

"For most of my life, I've been baffled by the seemingly innocuous question: 'What do you want to do when you're grown up?' At first it was the 'grown up' part that stumped me. Now, having accepted income taxes, lunch dates, and the nightly news as integral parts of my existence, I confess that I consider myself (mostly) grown up.

"This left me pondering the other half of the question — what do I want to do?! The difficulty for me lay in trying to focus on a career in only one area. How could I ignore music in favor of comics, give up radio for filmmaking, pursue anthropology but not astronomy, write fiction instead of features? Like most people, I wanted to do something for which I had an affinity as well as talent.

"To that end, I've tried on many different hats during the past eight years or so: journalist, administrative aide, DJ/music director, filmmaker, academician. It wasn't until I started

freelancing as an editor, though that I hit on something I could really sink my teeth into.

"I shortly found my editorial incisors lodged in *Chicago Lawyer*, a spirited and often controversial monthly newspaper; *The Wild Onion*, the Sierra Club's Chicago Group newsletter; and several national consulting firms. I was also asked to sit on the Board of Directors of the newly formed not-for-profit Advancing Women's Arts, Research and Education (AWARE).

"At the same time, I gained professional footing in the field that had fascinated me since childhood: comic books. A proposal for a series called 'The Heartbreakers' that I'd worked up with Paul Guinan was accepted by *Dark Horse Presents*. Suddenly I was writing comics — and more importantly, getting paid for it.

"So when I heard that First Publishing was looking for a new editor, I fairly sprinted for the

telephone. Here was a chance to try my hand at a career that *requires* eclectic talents and interests!

"Several interviews and one short month later, I joined First's editorial staff. Now, at last, I have an answer to that baffling question: I want to do it *all*. And I think I'm getting a pretty good start at it, too."

— Anina Bennett

I think it was Anina's quiet, self-effacing style that endeared us to her.

Anina is now editor of *Grimjack* and *Night of Beauty* (Wendy Pini's new *Beauty* and the Beast graphic novel), and other great projects to-be-announced. I'll tell you all about it later.

From all of us at First Publishing to all of you, we wish you a warm and loving holiday season. See ya' next year.

— Bob Garcia

Bob Garcia

FIRST IN DECEMBER

1 *Grimjack* #69: John Gaunt meets his worst nightmare in Part 4 of *Demon Wars*. By John Ostrander and Steve Pugh. Cover by Flint Henry.

1 *Hammer of God* #3: To catch the man who has been framing him, Judah must decide whether or not to run for president of the Adjudicator's Guild. By Mike Baron and Steve Epting. Series co-plotted by Mike Baron and Roger Salick.

1 *Nexus* #67: Elvon returns and demands the heads of Sonia and Stan. By Mike Baron, John K. Snyder III and Jay Geldhof.

1 *Nexus Legends* #12: Nexus is off to the Sov system to execute the old general. By Mike Baron, Steve Rude and Eric Shanower.

1 *Badger* #58: Badger goes down under to win an important race, but old enemies are determined that he won't cross the finish line. By Mike Baron, Gary Chaloner and John Robinson.

1 *Dreadstar* #53: Dreadstar and Company are captured by Palafox's army. By Peter David, Angel Medina and Bob Dvorak. Plus *Pawns* by Jim Starlin and Daina Graziunas.

1 *Whisper* #35: Diane is undercover as a drug lord's enforcer. By Steven Grant and Vince Giarrano.

1 *Sable* #26: Sable's newborn daughter has been kidnapped. By Steven Kaye, Peter Krause and Dan Schaeffer. Cover by Tim Vigil.

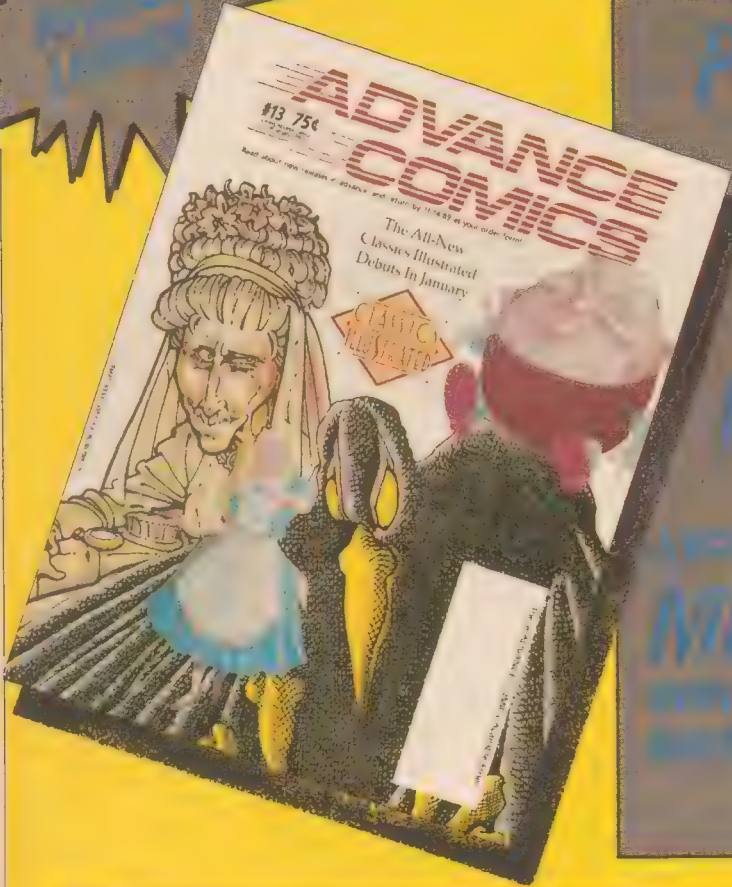
1 *Mike Grell's Sable* #2: Representing *John Sable, Freelance* #2. by Mike Grell. New cover by Denys Cowan.

First Publishing, Inc.

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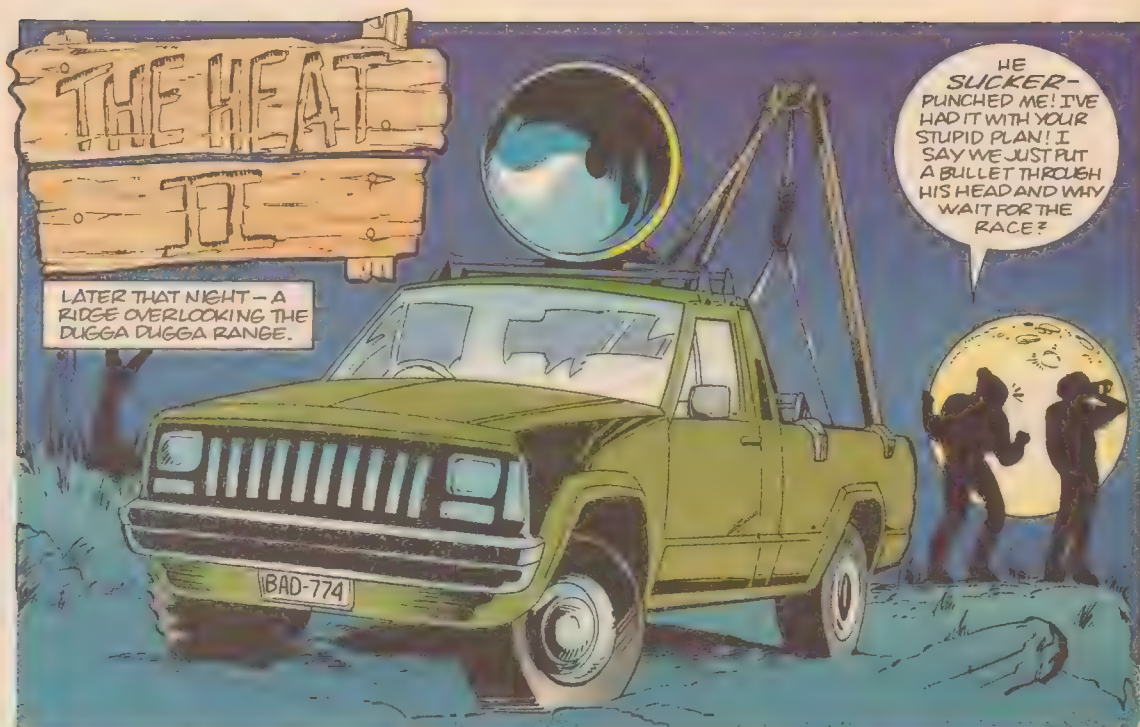
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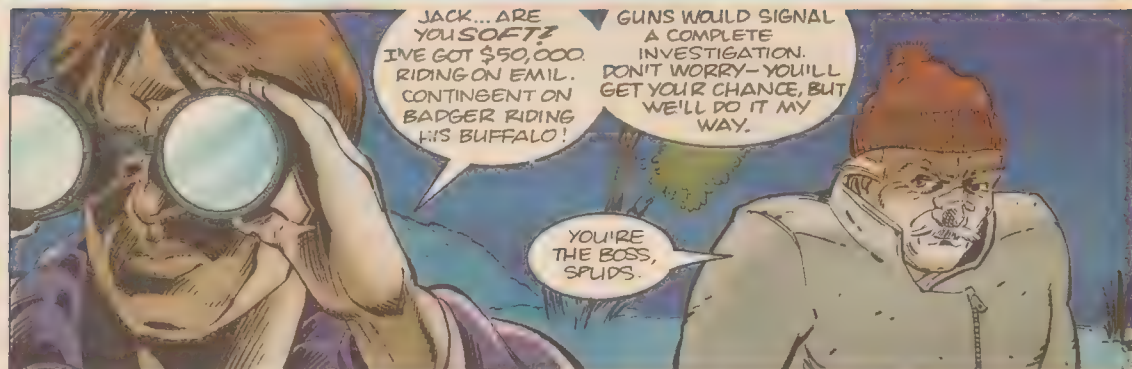
and the best of the best
of the best of the best

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LATER THAT NIGHT - A RIDGE OVERLOOKING THE DUGGA DUGGA RANGE.

HE SLICKER-
PUNCHED ME! I'VE
HAD IT WITH YOUR
STUPID PLAN! I
SAY WE JUST PUT
A BULLET THROUGH
HIS HEAD AND WHY
WAIT FOR THE
RACE?



JACK... ARE
YOU SOFT?
I'VE GOT \$50,000.
RIDING ON EMIL.
CONTINGENT ON
BADGER RIDING
HIS BUFFALO!

▼ GUNS WOULD SIGNAL
A COMPLETE
INVESTIGATION.
DON'T WORRY- YOU'LL
GET YOUR CHANCE, BUT
WE'LL DO IT MY
WAY.

YOU'RE
THE BOSS,
SPUDS.

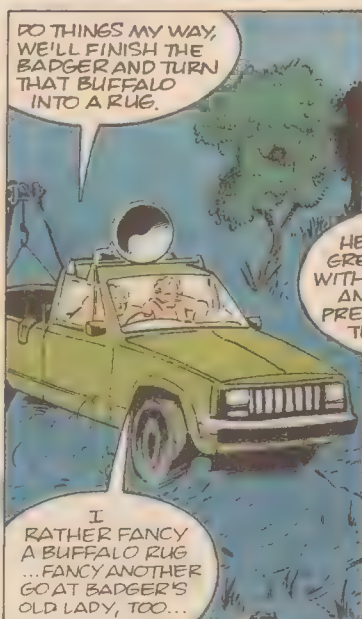


I'M GLAD YOU SEE IT
THAT WAY, OLD SPORT.
NOW LET'S CHECK
THE ROUTE.

HOW
YOU GOIN'
TO STOP 'EM,
THEN?

SUN-
POWER, OLD
SPORT. THIS
DISHED MIRROR
CAN FRY BADGER
AND HIS BUFF
WHILE THEY
CROSS THE
FLATS...

...JUST
LIKE A BEETLE
IN HOT TAR!



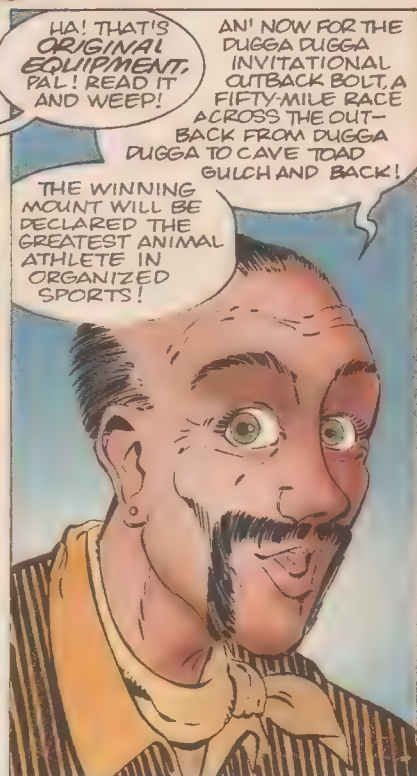
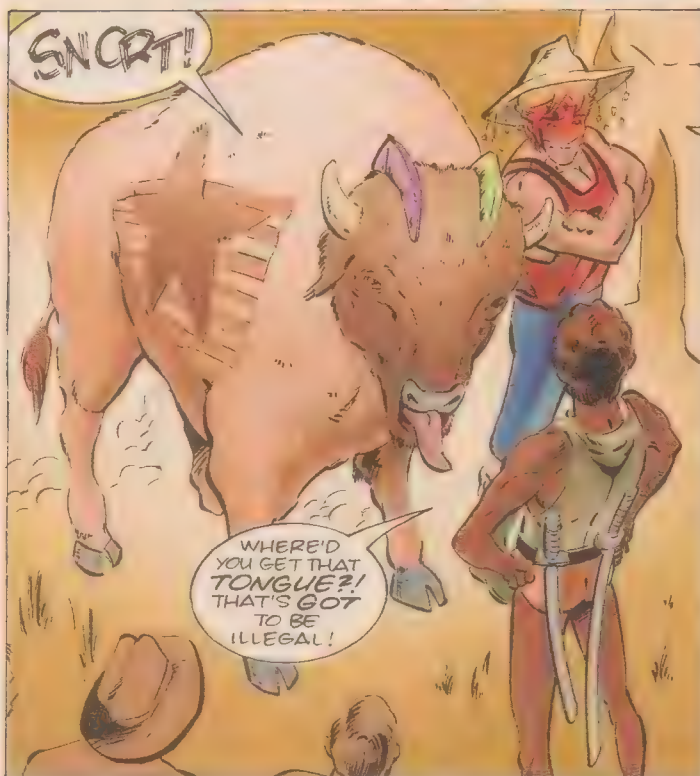
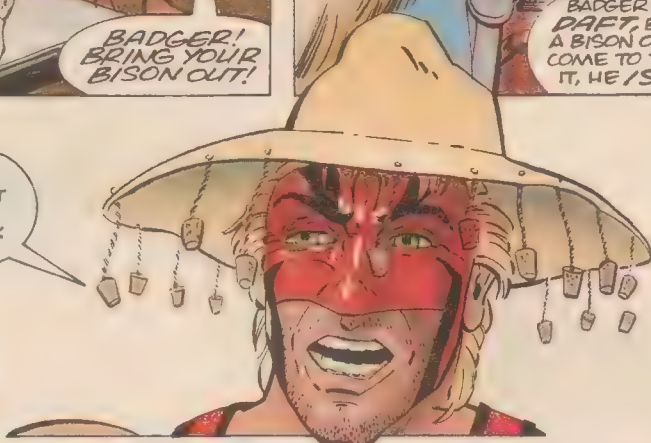
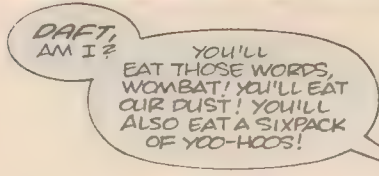
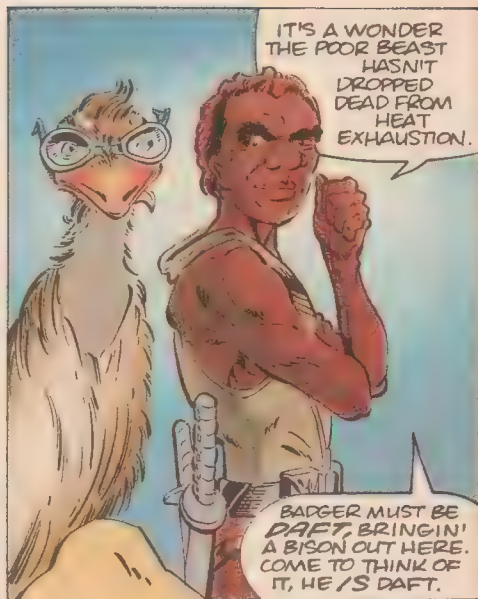
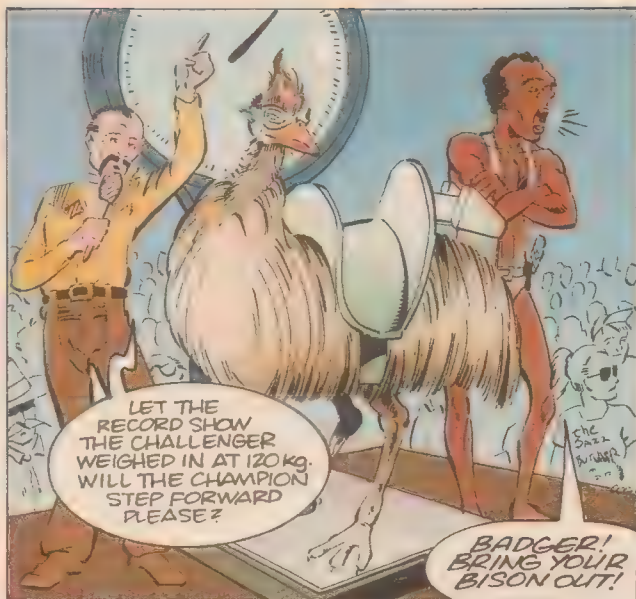
DO THINGS MY WAY,
WE'LL FINISH THE
BADGER AND TURN
THAT BUFFALO
INTO A RUG.

I
RATHER FANCY
A BUFFALO RUG
...FANCY ANOTHER
GOAT BADGER'S
OLD LADY, TOO...



SAY, YOU
HEARD ABOUT A
GREAT RED 'ROO
WITH AN EYEPATCH
AND STUDES THAT
PREYS ON UNWARY
TRAVELERS?

OY!
DON'T LISTEN
TO THE OCKERS!
THEY'LL SELL YOU
A BLOODY BUNNYPI!
THERE AIN'T NO
KID KANG, AND THAT'S
THE DINKUM TRUTH.





RIDERS MUST STAY ON THEIR MOUNTS.

IF EITHER CONTESTANT ADVANCES MORE THAN TEN FEET WITHOUT HIS OR HER RIDER, HE OR SHE WILL BE DISQUALIFIED.



MORE ON THE BISON!

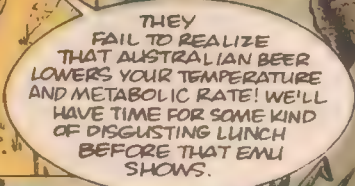
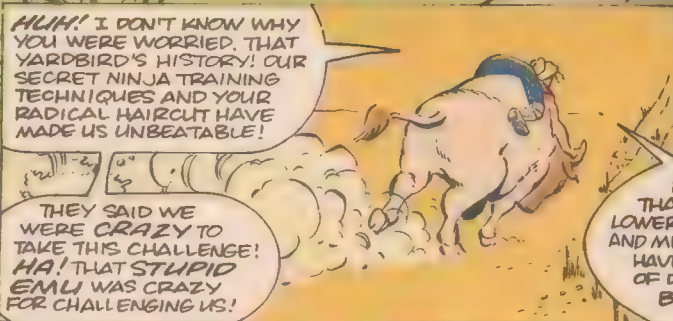
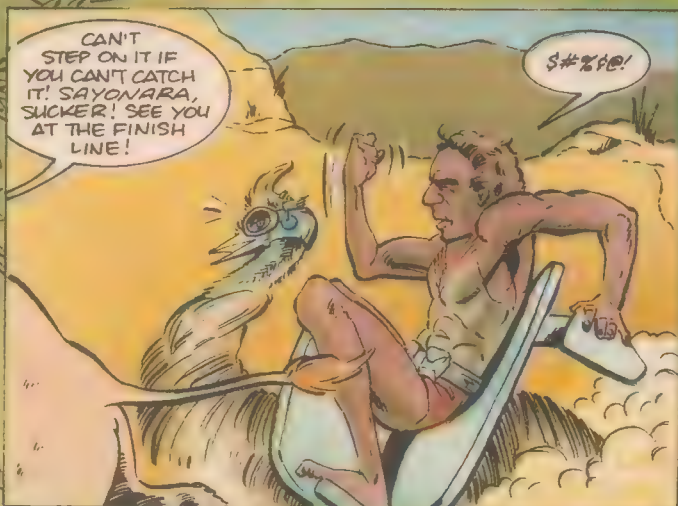
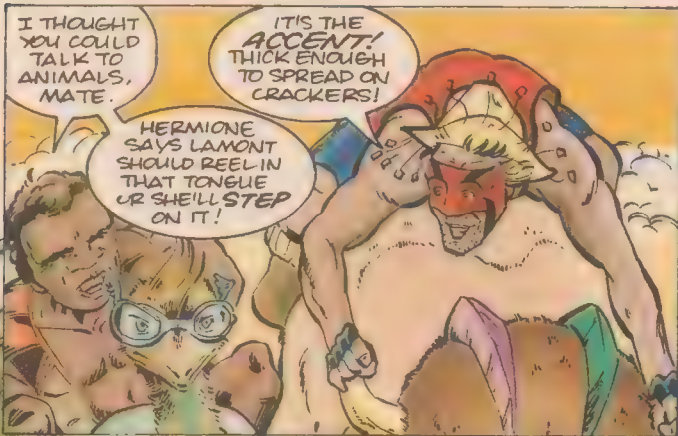
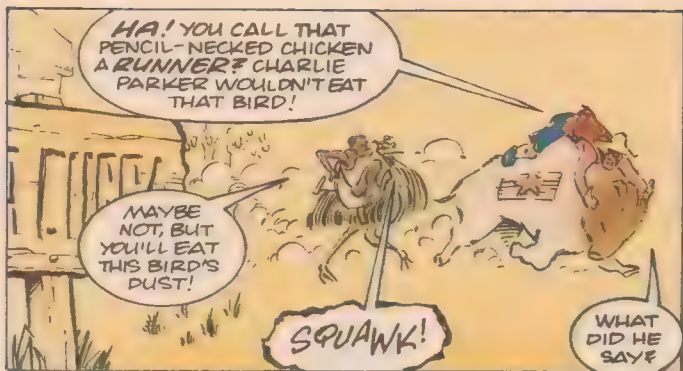


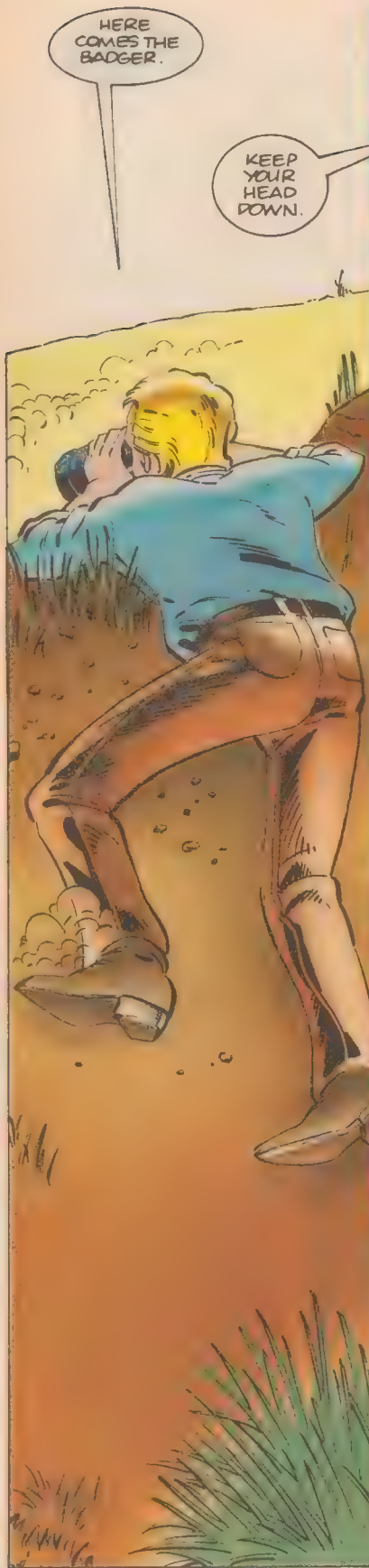
\$10,000 ON THE EMU!

DONALD!

HELLO, MERV...

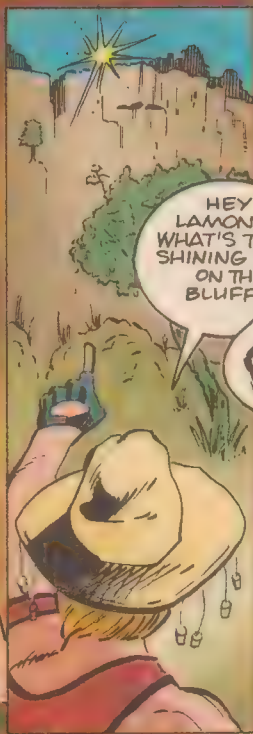
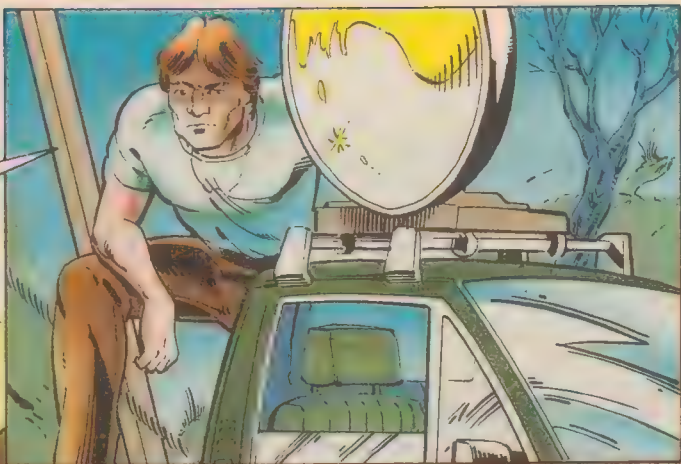






HERE COMES THE BADGER.

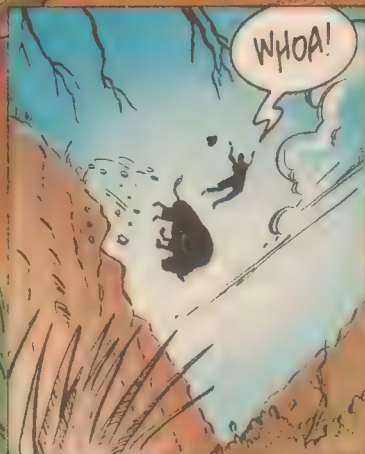
KEEP YOUR HEAD DOWN.



HEY LAMONT!
WHAT'S THAT
SHINING UP
ON THE
BLUFF?



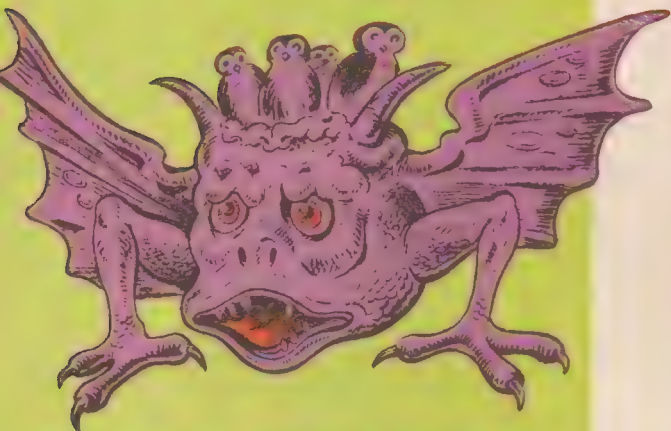
SNAAW!



WHOA!



*This
Holiday Season,
ALL the creatures
are stirring...*



**GET THEM
BEFORE
THEY GET
YOU!**



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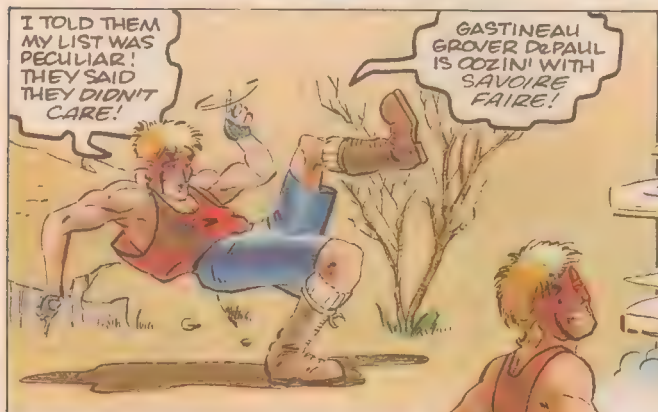
COME ON!
THEY TUMBLED
DOWN A
GULLY!

MAKE SURE
YOU KEEP YOUR EYE
ON THE PLACE, MATE.
THIS LAND'S LIKE A
WRINKLED BEDSHEET
...WE COULD END UP
LOST OURSELVES.



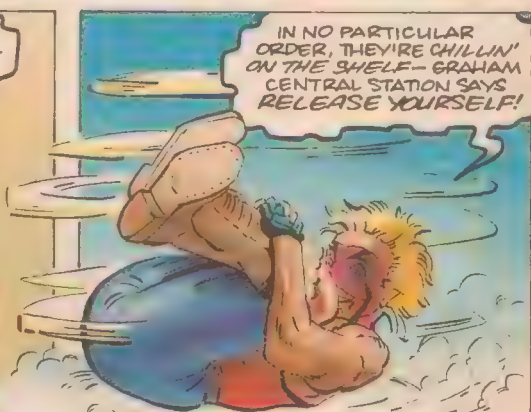
GREAT
BOOGLY-
WOOGLY!
LOST MY
SHADES,
HOLMES.

KEE-RIST!
WHERE AM I?
LAST THING I
REMEMBER WAS
PREPARING A LIST
OF THE BEST R&B
SIDES OF THE LAST
TWENTY YEARS...



I TOLD THEM
MY LIST WAS
PECULIAR!
THEY SAID
THEY DIDN'T
CARE!

GASTINEAU
GROVER DEPAUL
IS COZIN' WITH
SAVOIRE
FAIRE!



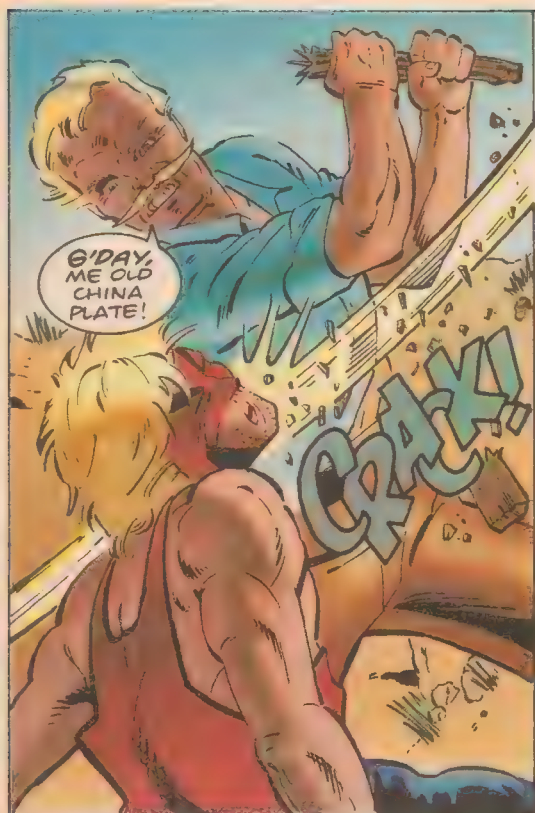
IN NO PARTICULAR
ORDER, THEY'RE CHILLIN'
ON THE SHELF-- GRAHAM
CENTRAL STATION SAYS
RELEASE YOURSELF!



SOS TOO...
CAN'T LEAVE THOSE
CATS BEHIND-- BETTER
ADD ON STEVIE WONDER'S
MUSIC OF MY
MIND.

CAMEO
DESERVES A SLOT,
AND EARTH, WIND
AND FIRE, I'M ADDIN'
PEBBLES TO THE POT--
THE STACK IS GETTIN'
HIGHER.

BOBBY
BROWN AND KLYMAXX--
I'M GETTIN' KIND OF
CHOOSY, AND WHILE
WE'RE ON THE SUBJECT,
WHATEVER HAPPENED
TO BOOTSY?



G'DAY,
ME OLD
CHINA
PLATE!

CRACK!



REMEMBER
OUR LITTLE
SET-TO IN
TASMANIA,
COUPLE YEARS
AGO?

SNAP!

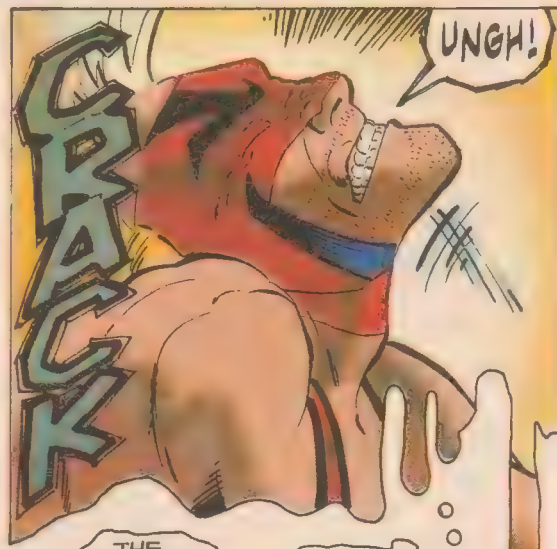


WELL IT'S TIME
FOR ME TO PULL
YOUR HEAD IN
YOUR BLOODY
DRONGO!

JACK!
LEAVE HIM!
HELP ME LOAD
THE BUFFALO
INTO THE
TRUCK!

FAIR
ENOUGH. BEST
GET CRACKIN'
BEFORE THAT
FLAMIN' BOONG
S'OWS UP.

PUNT

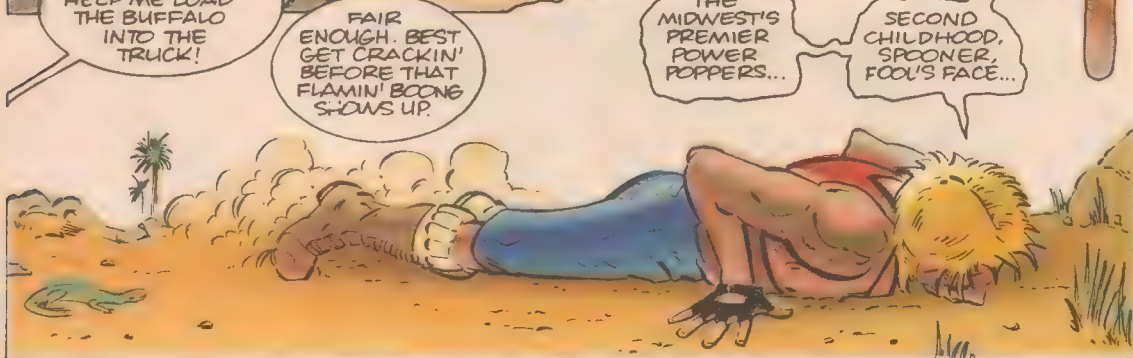


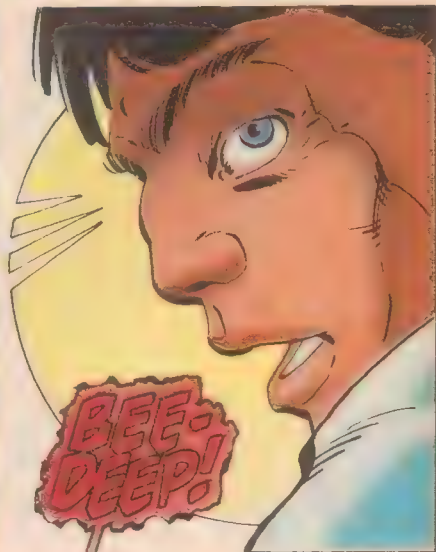
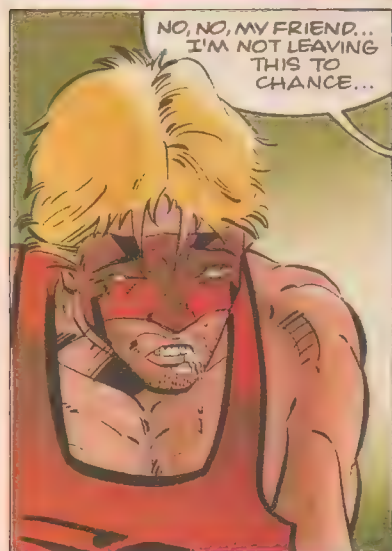
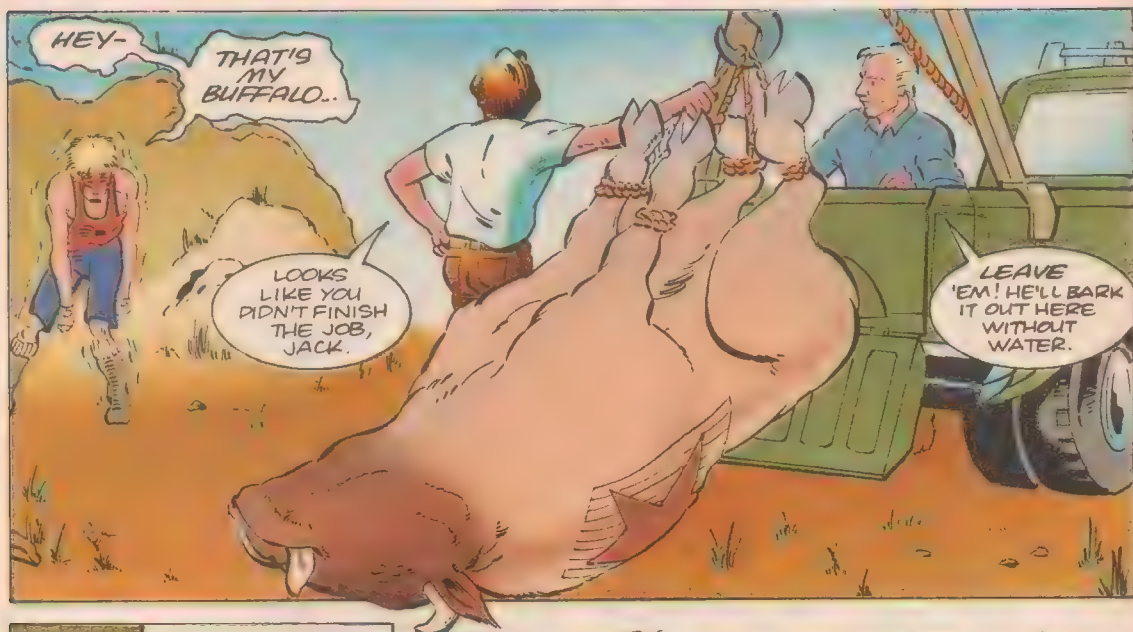
UNGH!

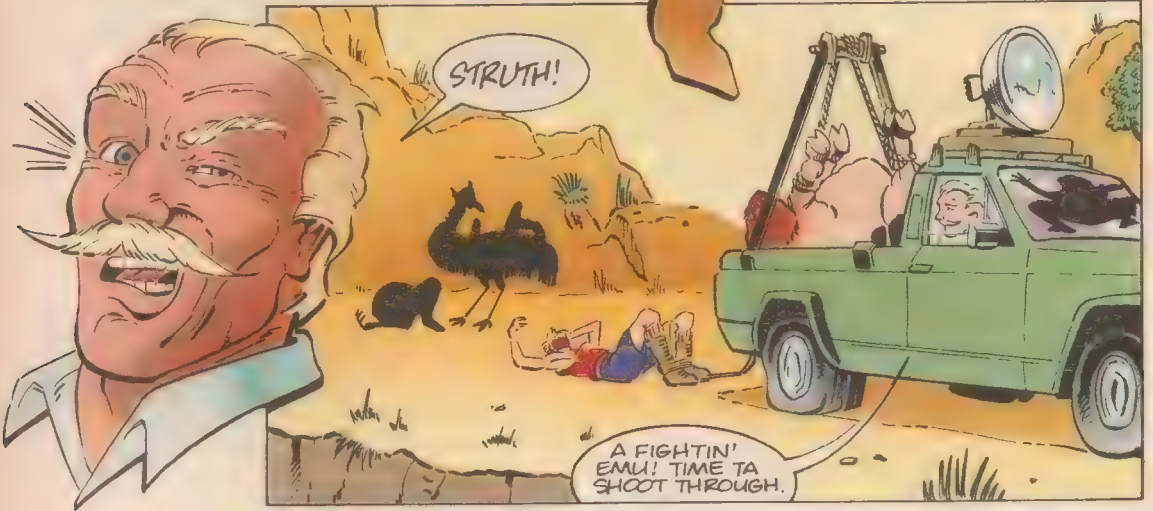
CRACK!

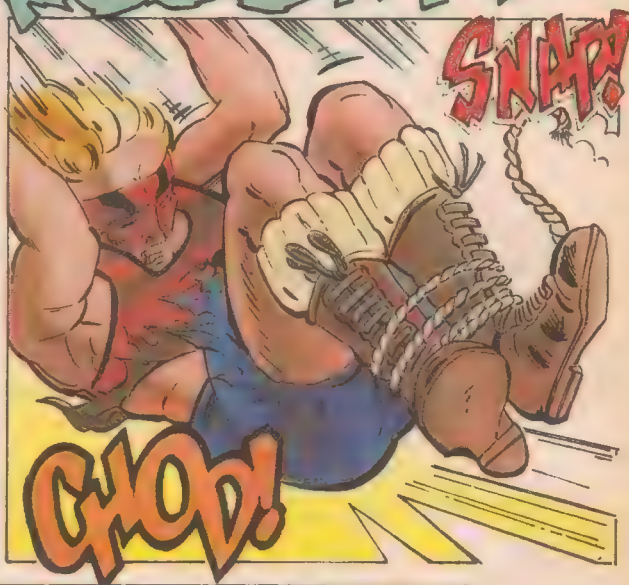
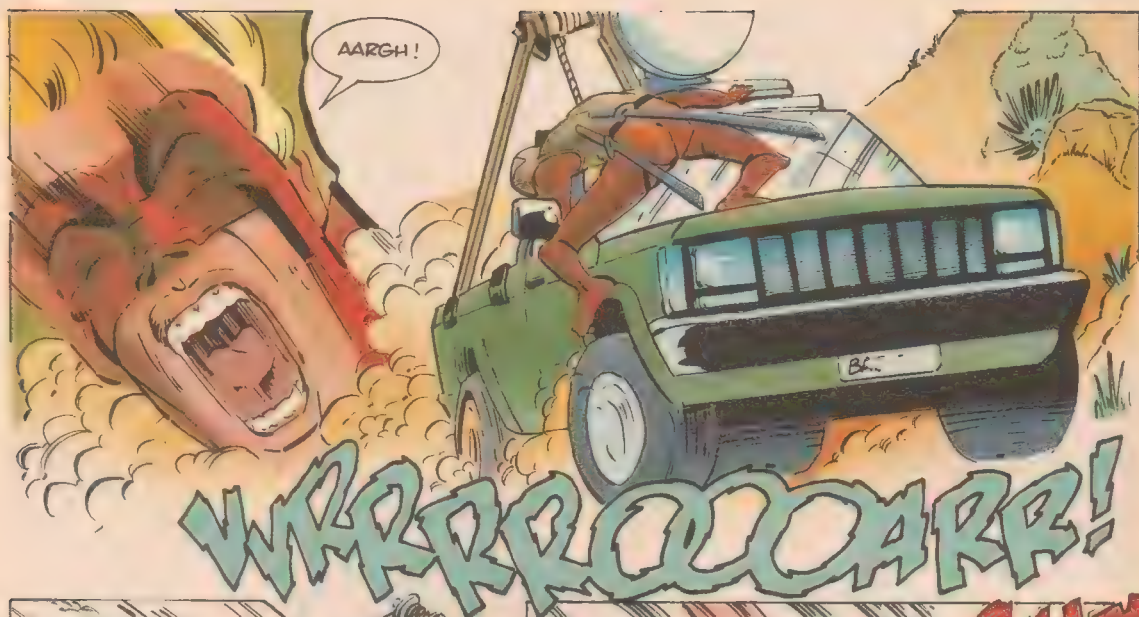
THE
MIDWEST'S
PREMIER
POWER
POPPERS...

SECOND
CHILDHOOD,
SPOONER,
FOOL'S FACE...

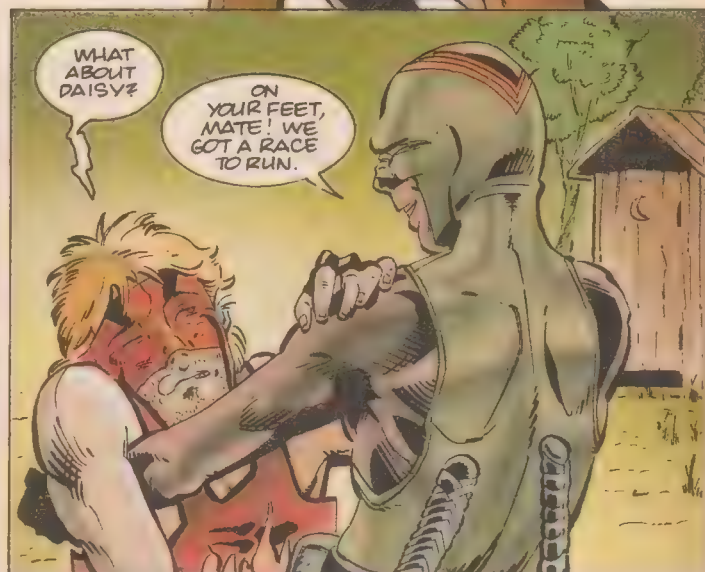


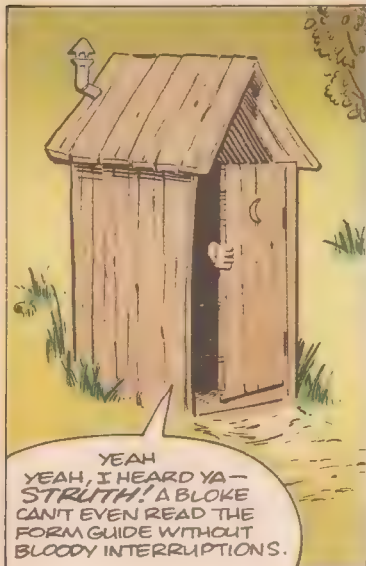
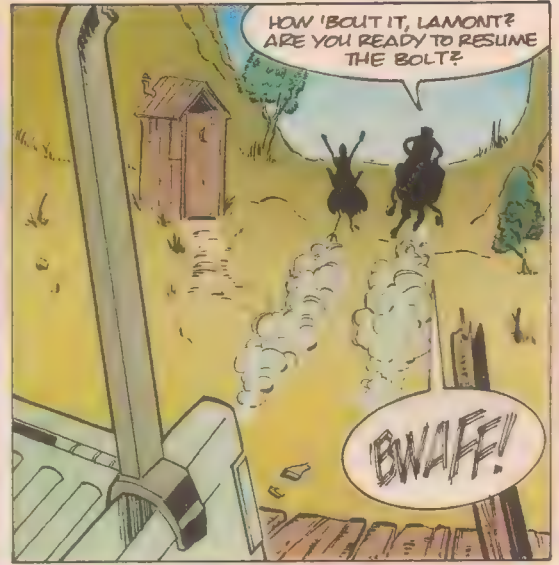
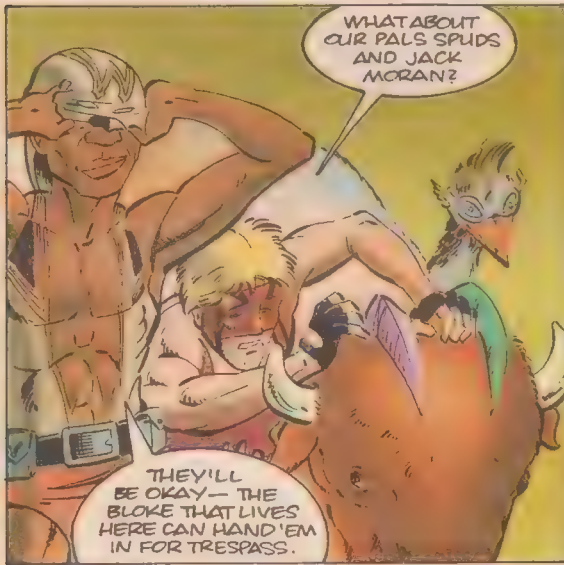
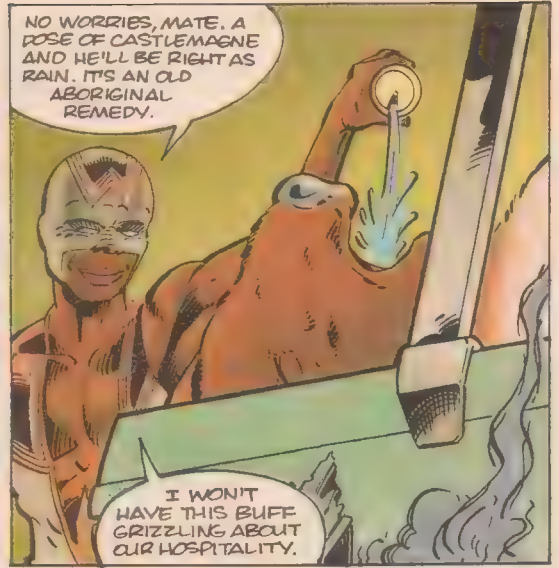
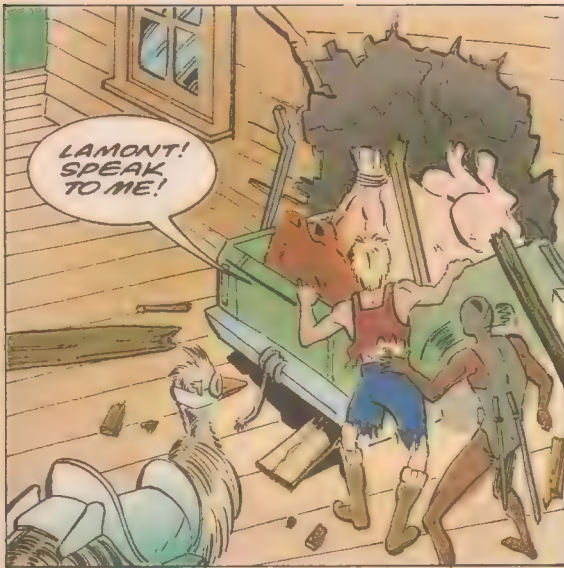


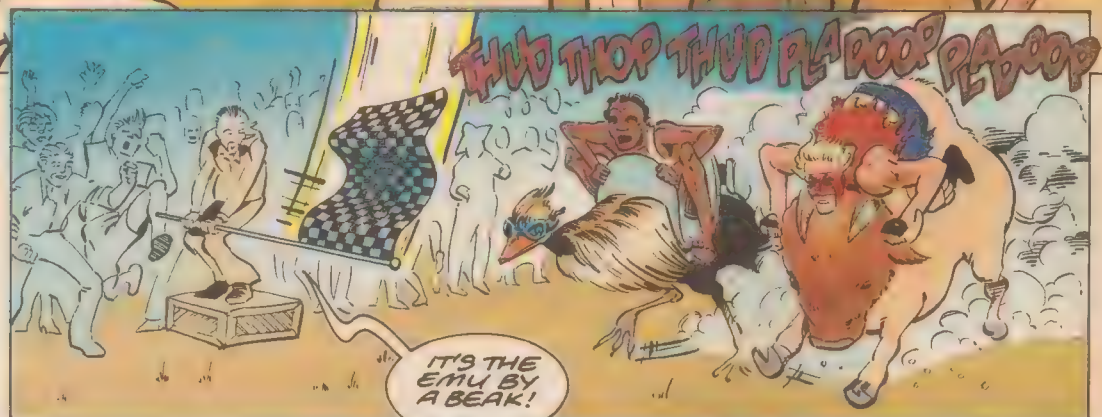
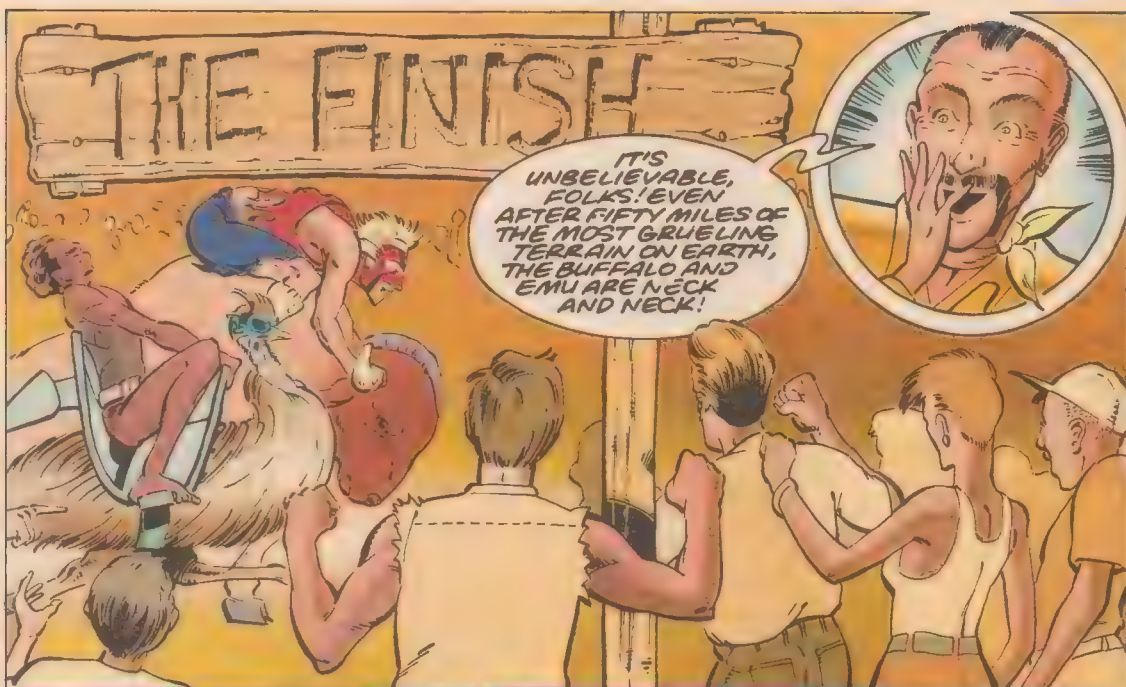












Dear LARRY,:

C/O FIRST COMICS
435 N. LASALLE
CHICAGO IL
60610

Dear Buckies:

When *Badger* became a monthly some four years ago, it became a two-feature book: Mr. Sykes had twenty pages to himself, and the rest went to "Zoomtown," or to "Clonezone," or to Baron (a most memorable tale that) or, in latter days, to a six-pager featuring the Badger.

The explanation, as I recall, was that a monthly schedule made full-length stories difficult to produce. Well, like its predecessor in *Badger* #55, "Jump Rope to the Stars" was novel-length, and it suggested that returning to the old split wouldn't be such a bad idea.

Badger #56 was one of the first *Badger* stories to leave me hoping that the second part would make everything all right. Too much seemed to go into making "Gazastan" and "Weterville" plausible; the explanation of hot spots big and small wouldn't have been out of place in *Nexus*, but with Norbert it was unnecessary.

Face it, Mike Baron had a short sorcerer on hand with a strange name who dressed like a middle-aged country-and-western star. He'd stolen a sacred jumprope and had to elude three killer Terrapins (neither mutants nor teenagers, I trust) and a mean dude (not Steve) named Dominance. Warren Oates and John Wayne showed up on the balcony.

You shouldn't make this realistic. You should just run with it. There was jumping aplenty here with risible rhymes, but not too much running.

I have a hunch that the events of *Badger* #57 will satisfy me a lot more. Nevertheless, I still enjoyed "Jump Rope to the Stars." Mrs.

Sykes' picture of Norbert as a radish should have been seen; Ham's cunning and chicanery at Trump Plaza came out without a single syllable; the balcony people all wanting to tackle Dominance was a hoot; and Spyder and Gary Kwapisz knew how to draw action scenes! Furthermore, the glimpses of Kid Kang power-jumping and the gym in Boomer were worth the \$1.95 in and of themselves. New York may be Fun City, but Wisconsin is the land of the wonderfully weird.

P.S. Will there be a sequel to *Sensei*? Roger Salick's story really seemed to be a prologue, and I'd like to know what happened to Ken in 1849 and to Tadashi (and Pittsburg, my favorite character in an aviator's rig since Rocky the Flying Squirrel) in 2129, and whether there's a 1989 for anyone to return to...?

Well, Roger's work on *Hammer of God* will hold me for the present. Uf-da!

Charles Sperling
37-15 Parsons Blvd.
Flushing, NY 11354

I love letters like this one. It gives me the opportunity to turn a half-dozen things back on you folks.

First, do you like the full-length stories or the old twenty-pagers?

Second, do you want to see Sensei return? Because it's going to take more than the three measly postcards we got to bring it back. There are thousands of you out there. Get together, send letters. Long letters. Send gifts of candy and flowers. Start fan clubs. Take out ads in CBG. Let us hear from the faithful masses,

today. BRING TAD BACK! BRING TAD BACK! BRING TAD BACK! Who knows? It might work.

Third, how about you folks participate in a quick Readers' Poll, and tell us who your favorite villain is, what your favorite issue is, how many years you've been following ol' Badge, and what your favorite flavor of ice cream is? Pick up those pens and help inundate my post box. Do you guys realize that Grimjack gets more letters on a monthly basis than this comic does? For shame.

By the way, next issue, Badger walks the wild and wacky mean streets of New York City courtesy of Baron and special guest-artists, the Pander Brothers. Badger has never looked like this before. So be prepared.

Larry:

Two weeks ago, when my English teacher at my college here in Florida asked us to bring in a fictional short story out of any magazine, I immediately started wading through my *Badger* collection to uncover the issues with the short stories at the end. After carefully reading all the stories, I decided on "The Man in the Grey Silk Suit" (*Badger* #52) to be the story I would submit.

Last night came my turn to read. When my teacher discovered that my selection was contained within a comic book, she almost had a coronary. Originally, she wasn't going to let me read it, but after I let her read the first paragraph, specifically the part that reads: "The university is a sinkhole of corruption and petty bickering. It's a thousand times worse than any Republican

"Will our man Badger ever meet up with Jackie Chan? How about the ghost of Ed Gein?"

administration," she agreed to let me read the story.

Needless to say, the class loved the story. The teacher, on the other hand, started complaining that she meant the story to be a piece of literature, just because it's a LITERATURE class, sheesh. So we spent the rest of the class arguing whether or not the story was a piece of literature. We didn't get to finish the argument, but I do plan on resuming it next week.

I'll keep you posted, and my hat's off to Mike Baron for one fantastic story.

Jay Amendola
5856 Garfield St, #1
Hollywood, FL 33021

Which just goes to prove that even universities in Florida are sinkholes of corruption and petty bickering.

Salutations;

Why does this book work? Because of Mike Baron's freestyle creativity, that's why.

I say "freestyle creativity" because he doesn't hem his characters into a set framework like they do at other companies. *Badger* probably never had a set structure, and doesn't need one (like on page eight, panel five of *Badger* #57, when Badger asks us why we think he is so unconcerned over his apparent imminent demise. He's just crazy. That's all).

At other companies they have a set structure for their heroes and rarely venture out of it to experiment. I commend Mike Baron for his creativity on *Badger*.

I've been reading *Badger* since last Christmas, when a friend sent me *Hexbreaker* and a few issues of *Nexus*. I had been previously unexposed to the virtues of either, and now I read them both. This is

my first letter, because I really couldn't find the words. *Badger* is such a change from those other conventional books that I wasn't sure I would get the right impression across in my letter.

As for this issue, congrats to everyone involved. Since I've pretty well covered everything I wanted to say, bye. Anyone got one of them jumpropes to spare?

Robert J. Spassev
7097 Dolphin St.
Bolivar, OH 44612

Welcome aboard, mate. See what great gifts our books make? We have enriched Bob's life forever.

Dear Larry:

Those of us who are truly aware and eco-spherically conscious have been sending in our pennies to Greenpeace. Are you aware of their near war with the French planet-wasters? Did you know the French sank a boatful of eco-personnel just off the coast of New Zealand a few years ago?

Did you know that tuna fishermen's mile-long purse seine nets kill tens of thousands of dolphins each year, legally? It seems to me a great opportunity for some salty martial action!! What sort of security can we assume the corporations would have for a tuna fleet? (how about a saxophone-blowing dolphin named Eric Dolphi!?!?!?)

Keep up the good comix, and save the planet. Will our man Badger ever meet up with Jackie Chan? How about the ghost of Ed Gein?

Eric Palmquist
1531 El Camino
Palo Alto, CA 94306

Good comix and save the

world? One outta two ain't bad. How about Jackie Chan, Badger, and the ghost of Ed Gein battle to save Greenpeace volunteers?

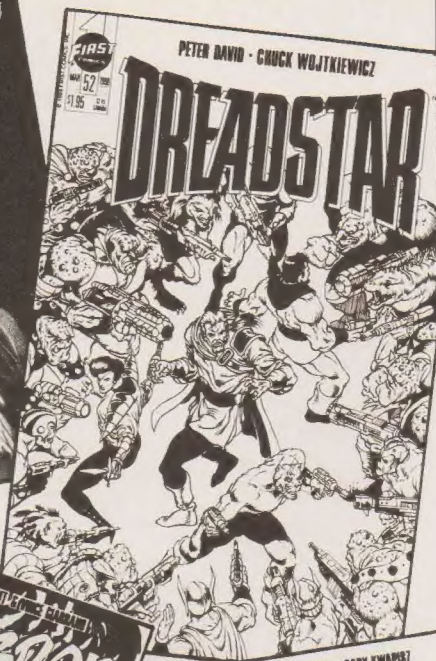
By the way, if any of you want to support Greenpeace in their fight with these money-grubbing corporate greedheads, you can write them at: Greenpeace, 1436 U. Street N.W., P.O. Box 3720, Washington, D.C. 20007.

And I don't want to hear any whining complaints about how I shouldn't be plugging Greenpeace, if I'm not willing to plug the NRA or some other institution. I plug as I see fit.

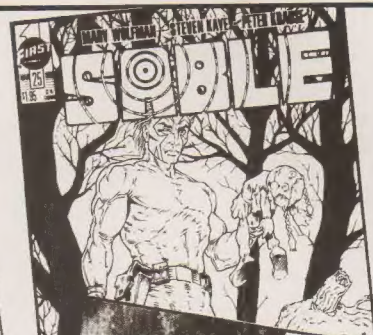
— Aching from too much caffeine
Bob Garcia



Next Issue: More twisted than your wildest nightmare, comes *Badger's* titanic trip to Manhattan. Seduced by bright lights, scantily clad women, fame, fortune, and abundant criminal activity, "Badger Bites the Big Apple." This is a tale to make *After Hours* seem like *Mary Poppins*. By **Mike Baron** and **the Pander Brothers**. Be there.



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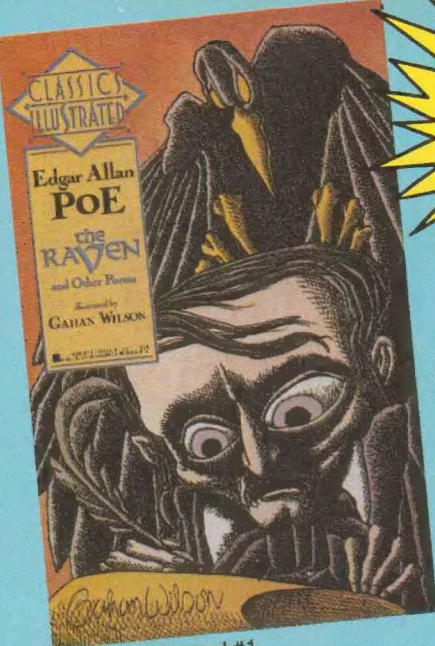
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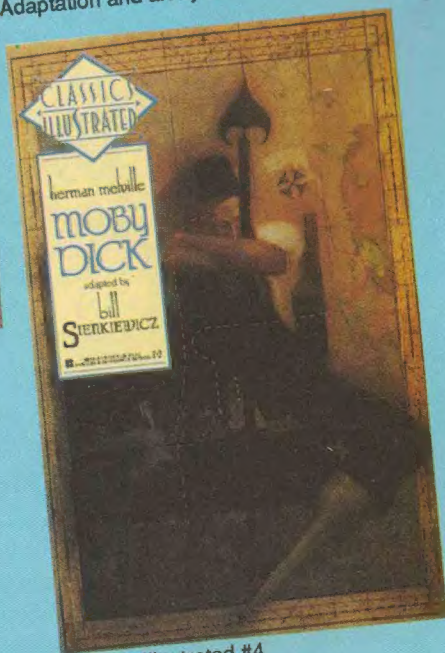
THE
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